

IN REMEMBRANCE OF STROM THURMOND

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, let me add my voice to those of my colleagues who last evening and this morning have expressed sympathy to the families of Senator Strom Thurmond. I was privileged to serve in this Chamber for many years while Senator Strom Thurmond was a Senator. He was quite a remarkable American. He was a hero in many ways. His life was controversial in some ways.

I talked to Strom Thurmond one day about the Second World War. Americans should know, when he was in his 40s, this man volunteered for service in the Second World War, volunteered to get in a glider to fly at night and crash-land behind enemy lines, behind German lines. All of the rest in that glider were young kids, 18, 19, 20-year-old GIs. This 40-plus-year-old lawyer and judge who volunteered for service in the Second World War was in that glider that crash-landed behind enemy lines.

He was quite a remarkable American and had a remarkable political career. In his later years as he suffered health challenges and difficulties, but he never complained, ever. He showed up for all of the votes in the Senate even at times when it appeared to us it was difficult for him to do so.

The American people, I know, will thank Senator Strom Thurmond for the service he gave to his country. I wanted to add my voice to the many others in this Chamber who wish to remember the memory of this remarkable American.

CONGRESSIONAL CEMETERY

Mr. DORGAN. Mr. President, I call to the attention of the Senate and the country something that is important. Some while ago I went to what is called the Congressional Cemetery here in Washington, DC. I want to state why I did that.

I went to visit a gravesite of a man named Scarlet Crow, an American Indian. He came to Washington, DC, in 1867 with some other American Indians from my part of the country, a member of the Wahpeton-Sisseton Sioux Tribe. He came here to negotiate a treaty. He was found under the Occoquan bridge one morning, dead. The death certificate said Scarlet Crow committed suicide. I actually got a record of the investigation of Scarlet Crow's death—remember, now, this is 1867—and discovered the police reports in Alexandria, VA, and the investigator who investigated Scarlet Crow's death seem to suggest that Scarlet Crow was murdered. He did not commit suicide, in fact, he was murdered. He was found lying under a bridge with a blanket neatly folded over him. They say he hanged himself. The police investigators said the branch from which they allege Scarlet Crow hanged himself could not have held a 6-year-old child.

That was a different time. American Indians came to this town to negotiate treaties. This man, Scarlet Crow, never returned to the Dakotas because he died under the Occoquan bridge under mysterious and strange circumstances. It appears his death was not fully investigated or resolved. The death certificate simply says he committed suicide.

Because I was interested in this and because he came from a part of the country where I reside, I went to the cemetery one day to find Scarlet Crow's gravesite. Here is Scarlet Crow's tombstone. It is at a place called the Congressional Cemetery. The Congressional Cemetery is a place I had not previously visited. It is here in Washington, DC. It holds the bodies of many Congressmen and Senators and others. It was founded in 1807 by a group of citizens residing in the eastern section of the new Federal city of Washington. Immediately, it became the sole burial place in Washington for Members of Congress. For over 60 years, Members of Congress and other Government officials were interred at what was known as Congressional Cemetery. The Government appropriated money to help construct some buildings, roads, and walls and to make other site improvements.

Other than relatively small and very infrequent Federal dollars, Government support ended many decades ago and the cemetery has fallen into disrepair. It is a rather forlorn place, as a matter of fact. I will show some pictures. This is the entrance to Congressional Cemetery. You can see the beat-up roads. Let me show an example of the roads inside the Congressional Cemetery. This, one would think, would be a place of honor, a place that is repaired and made to look presentable. Instead, here is what the Congressional Cemetery appears like to those who visit it. Roads in desperate disrepair. This does not look like a cemetery that has been maintained at all. It has not been.

Here is another picture of what the cemetery looks like inside. Roads in disrepair, grass growing out of the middle of those roads.

One wonders why, with a Congressional Cemetery, which was the burial place for so many Members of Congress, and many others over so many years, why the Federal Government and Congress would not restore it to its place of honor.

I am pleased that some of my colleagues, at my request, included some small amount of money in the Legislative Branch appropriations bill in FY2002, and a bit earlier, as well.

As we begin the appropriations process this year, I think in the honor of those who are laid to rest in that Congressional Cemetery, we really do need to do what is necessary to make that cemetery a place of honor.

Let me discuss a couple of the people who are buried at this cemetery. Vice President Elbridge Gerry is buried at

the cemetery. I have a picture showing his tombstone. This is a tombstone of former Vice President of the United States Elbridge Gerry. He is buried in the cemetery.

There is a term, "gerrymandering," in politics that many will recognize. Gerrymandering comes from Elbridge Gerry.

His marker describes he was born in 1744, died in 1814. It quotes on his words on his grave marker:

It is the duty of every man, though he may have but one day to live, to devote that day to the good of his country.

These words describe how Gerry lived. In fact, the day that Gerry died he had to get to the temporary Senate Chambers in the Patent Office building so he could preside over the Senate. British troops burned the Capitol in the War of 1812 and the Senate was functioning from a temporary location in 1814. In those days, the Vice President presided over the Senate almost daily because the President pro tempore did not have a continuous office. On November 23, 1814, determined to preside over the Senate, Gerry suffered a fatal stroke.

At that time, Members of the Senate gathered in their chairs at the customary hour. Upon hearing the reports that Vice President Gerry had died, the body voted to send two Senators to the Vice President's home to "ascertain the fact." When they returned with confirmation, the Senate appointed a joint committee to "consider and report measures most proper to manifest the public respect for the memory of the deceased," and then the Senate adjourned. On the following day, the Senate ordered that the President's chair "be shrouded with black during the present session; and as a further testimony of respect for the deceased, the members of the Senate will go into mourning, and wear black crape around the left arm for thirty days."

Gerry is the only signer of the Declaration of Independence buried in Washington, DC. On the Fourth of July, there is annually an event at his tomb in the Congressional Cemetery with the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

There is another person buried at the cemetery who is an interesting person. His name is Issac Bassett. He was the second page who served in the U.S. Senate. He came to work in the Senate at age 9 in 1831. He never left. He worked there until 1895. He came to work at age 9 as a page in the U.S. Senate, and he worked here for 64 years. One wonders whether any of the current pages will work continuously for the next 64 years. I don't expect so. He was here even longer than the longest serving U.S. Senator, the late Strom Thurmond. He is buried at the cemetery. Right next to him is a larger marker for Alexander Bache, the founder of the U.S. Coastal Survey and a charter member of the National Academies of Science and its first president.